

PASTORALS.

BY

1486 aad 5

Mr. Philips.

Nostra nec erubuit Silvas habitare Thalia.

Virg. Ecl. 6.



L O N D O N :

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(2)

P R E F A C E.

IT is strange to think, in an Age so addicted to the Muses, how Pastoral Poetry comes to be never so much as thought upon; considering especially, that it has always been accounted the most considerable of the smaller Poems, Virgil and Spencer made use of it as a Prelude to Heroick Poetry. But I fear the Innocency of the Subject makes it so little inviting at present.

There is no sort of Poetry, if well wrought, but gives Delight. And the Pastoral perhaps may boast of this in a peculiar manner. For, as in Painting: so I believe, in Poetry, the Country affords the most entertaining Scenes, and most delightful Prospects.

Gassendus, I remember, tells us, That Peireskius was a great Lover of Musick, especially that of Birds; because their Artless Strains seem to have less of Passion and Violence, but more of a natural Easiness, and therefore do the rather befriend Contemplation. It is after the same manner that Pastoral gives a sweet and gentle Composure to the Mind; whereas the Epick and Tragick Poem put the Spirits in too great a Ferment by the Vehemence of their Motions.

To see a stately well built Palace strikes us, indeed, with Admiration, and swells the Soul, as it were, with Notions of Grandeur. But when I view a little Country Dwelling, advantageously situated amidst a beautiful Variety of Fields, Woods, and Rivers, I feel an unspeakable kind of Satisfaction, and cannot forbear wishing, that my good Fortune would place me in so sweet a Retirement.

Theocritus, Virgil, and Spencer, are the only Writers that seem to have hit upon the true Nature of Pastoral Poems. So that it will be Honour sufficient for me, if I have not altogether fail'd in my Attempt,

T H E



THE FIRST PASTORAL.

LOBBIN.

I Fwe, O *Darset*, quit the City Throng
To meditate in Shades the Rural Song
By your Commands ; be present : And, O, bring
The Muse along ! The Muse to you shall sing.

Begin. — A Shepherd Boy, one Ev'ning fair,
As Western Winds had cool'd the sultry Air,
When as his Sheep within their Fold were pent,
Thus plain'd him of his dreary Discontent ;
So pitiful, that all the Starry Throng
Attentive seem'd to hear his mournful Song.

Ah well a Day ! How long must I endure
This pining Pain ? Or who shall work my Cure ?
Fond Love no Cure will have ; seeks no Repose ;
Delights in Grief ; nor any Measure knows.
And now the Moon begins in Clouds to rise ;
The twinkling Stars are lighted in the Skies ;
The Winds are hush'd ; the Dews distil ; and Sleep
With soft Embrace has seiz'd my weary Sheep.
I only, with the prouling Wolf, constrain'd
All Night to wake. With Hunger is he pain'd,
And I with Love. His Hunger he may tame :
But who in Love can stop the growing Flame ?

Whilome did I, all as this Pop'lar fair,
Un-raise my heedless Head, devoid of Care,
Eng rustick Routs the chief for wanton Game ;
could they merry make'till *Lobbin* came.

Who better seen, than I, in Shepherds Arts;
 To please the Lads and win the Lasses Hearts?
 How deffly to mine Oaten Reed so sweet,
 Wont they, upon the Green, to shift their Feet?
 And, when the Dance was done, how would they yearn
 Some well devised Tale from me to learn?
 For, many Songs and Tales of Mirth had I,
 To chase the lingring Sun adown the Sky.
 But, ah! since *Lucy* coy has wrought her Spite
 Within my Heart; unminerful of Delight,
 The Jolly Grooms I fly; and all alone
 To Rocks and Woods pour forth my fruitless Moan.

Oh quit thy wonted Scorn, relentless Fair!
 E'er, lingring long, I perish thro' Despair.
 Had *Rosalind* been Mistress of my Mind,
 Tho' not so fair, she would have been more kind.
 O think, unwitting Maid, while yet is Time,
 How flying Years impair our Youthful Prime!
 Thy Virgin Bloom will not for ever stay?
 And Flow'rs, tho' left ungather'd, will decay
 The Flow'rs a new returning Seasons bring;
 But Beauty faded has no second Spring.

My Words are Wind! She deaf to all my Cries,
 Takes Pleasure in the Mischief of her Eyes.
 Like Frisking Heifers, loose in Flow'ry Meads.
 She gads where-e'er her roving Fancy leads;
 Yet still from me. Ah me, the tiresome Chace
 While, wing'd with Scorn, she flies my fond Embrace.
 She flies indeed: But ever leaves behind,
 Fly where she will, her Likeness in my Mind.

Ah turn thee then! Unthinking Damsel! Why,
 Thus from the Youth, who loves Thee, should'st thou fly?
 No cruel Purpose in my Speed I bear:

'Tis all but love; and Love why should'st thou Fear?
 What idle Fears a Maiden Breast alarm!
 Stay, simple Girl! a Lover cannot harm.

To Kidlings sportive as thy self, I rear;
 Like tender Buds their shooting Horns appear.

A Lamb.

(3)
A Lambkin, too, pure white, I breed, as tame,
As my fond Heart could wish my scornful Dame.
A Garland, deck'd with all the Pride of May,
Sweet as thy Breath, and as thy Beauty gay,
I'll weave. But why these unavailing Pains?
The Gifts alike and Giver she disdains.

O would my Gifts but win her wanton Heart!
Oh could I half the warmth I feel impart!
How would I wander ev'ry Day to find.
The ruddy Wildings! Were but *Lucy* kind,
For grossy Plumbs I'd climb the knotty Tree,
And of fresh Honey rob the thrifty Bee:
Or, if thou deign to live a Shepherdess,
Thou *Lobbin's* Flock, and *Lobbin* shall possess.
Fair is my Flock, nor yet uncomely I,
If liquid Fountains flatter not: And why
Should liquid Fountains flatter us? yet show
The bord'ring Flow'rs less beauteous than they grow,
O come, my Love! Nor think th' Employment mean,
The Dams to milk, and little Lamkins wean?
To drive a Field by Morn the Fat'ning Ewes,
E'er the warm Sun drinks up the cool Dew
How would the Crook beseem the beauteous Hand!
How would my Younglins round thee gazing stand!
Ah whitless Younglins! gaze not on her Eye,
Such heedless Glances are the Cause I die.
Nor trow I when this bitter Blast will end;
Or if kind Love will ever me befriend
Sleep, sleep, my Flock; For, happy you may take
Your Rest, tho nightly thus your Master wake.

Now, to the waining Moon, the Nightingale
In doleful Ditties told her piteous Tale.
The Love-sick Shepherd list'ning found Relief,
Pleas'd with so sweet a Partner in his Grief;
Till by degrees her Notes and silent Night
To Slumbers soft his heavy Heart invite.

The Second Pastoral.

T H E N O T. C O L I N E T.

T H E N O T.

TH Y cloudy Looks why melting thus in Tears,
Unseemly, now that Heav'n so blithe appears?
Why in this mournful Manner art thou found,
Unthankful Lad, when all things smile around?
Hear how the Lark and Linnet joyntly sing!
Their Notes soft-warb'ling to the glad some Spring.

C O L I N E T.

Tho' soft their Notes, not so my wayward Fate;
Nor Lark would sing, nor Linnet in my state.
Each Creature to his proper Task is born;
As they to Mirth and Musick, I to mourn.
Waking, at Midnight I my Woes renew.
And with my Tears increase the falling Dew.

T H E N O T.

Small Cause, I ween, has lusty Youth to plain;
Or who may then the weight of Age sustain,
When, as our waining Strength does daily cease,
The tiresome Burden doubles its Increase?
Yet tho' with Years my Body downwards tend,
As Trees beneath their Fruit in Autumn bend;
My Mind a chearful Temper still retains.
Spite of my snowy Head and icy Veins:
For, why should Man at cross Mishaps repine,
Sour all his Sweet, and mix with Tears his Wine?
But speak: For much it may relieve thy Woe
To let a Friend thy inward Ailment know.

C O L I N E T.

'Twill idly waste thee, *Thenat*, a whole Day,
Should'st thou give Ear to all my Grief can say.
Thy Ewes will wander, and thy heedless Lambs
With loud Complaints require their absent Dams

T H E N O T.

(7)

T H E N O T.

There's *Lightfoot*, he shall tend them close; and I,
'Twixt whiles, a-cross the Plain will glance my Eye.

C O L I N E T.

Where to begin I know not, where to end:
Scarce does one smiling Hour my Youth attend;
Tho' few my Days, as my own Follies show,
Yet all those Day are clouded o'er't with Woe:
No Gleam of happy Sun-shine does appear,
My low'ring Sky, and Wintry Days, to cheer.
My piteous Plight, in yonder Naked Tree,
That bears the Thunder Scar, to well I see:
Quite destitute it stands of Shelter kind,
The Mark of Storms and Sport of ev'ry Wind:
Its riven Trunk feels not th' Approach of Spring;
Nor any Birds amongst the Branches sing:
No more beneath thy Shade shall Shepherds throng
With Merry Tale, or Pipe, or pleasing Song.
Unhappy Tree! And more unhappy I!
From thee, from me, alike the Shepherds fly.

T H E N O T.

Sure thou in some ill chosen Hour wast born,
When blighting Mildews spoil the rising Corn;
Or when the Moon, by Witchcraft charm'd, foreshows
Thro' sad Eclipse a various Train of Woes.
Untimely born, ill Luck betides thee still.

C O L I N E T.

And can there, *Thenot*, be a greater Ill?

T H E N O T.

Nor Wolf, nor Fox, nor Rot amongst our Sheep;
From these the Shepherd's Care his Flock may keep:
Against ill Luck all cunning Foresight fails;
Whether we sleep or wake, it nought avails.

C O L I N E T.

Ah me the while! Ah me the luckless Day!
Ah luckless Lad! the rather might I say.
Unhappy Hour! when first, in Youthful Bud,
I left the fair *Sabrina's* silver Flood:

Ah silly I ! more silly than my Sheep,
 Which on thy flow'ry Banks I once did keep.
 Sweet are thy Banks ? Oh when shall I once more
 With longing Eyes review thy flow'ry Shore ;
 When in the Crystal of thy Water, see
 My Face, grown wan thro' Care and Misery ?
 When shall I see my Hut, the small Abode
 My self had rais'd and cover'd o'er with Sod ?
 Tho' small it be, a mean and humble Cell,
 Yet is there room for Peace and me to dwell.

T H E N O T.

And what the Cause that drew thee first away ?
 From thy lov'd Home what tempted thee to stray ?

C O L I N E T.

A lewd Desire strange Lands and Swains to know :
 Ah God ! that ever I should covet Woe !
 With wand'ring Feet unblest'd and fond of Fame,
 I sought I know not what, besides a Name.

T H E N O T.

Or, sooth to say, did thou not hither roam
 In hopes of Wealth, thou could'st not find at Home ?
 A Rolling Stone is ever bare of Moss ;
 And, to their Cost, green Years Old Proverbs cross.

C O L I N E T.

Small Need there was, in flatt'ring, Hopes of Gain,
 To drive my pining Flock athwart the Plain
 To distant Cam : fine Gain at length, I trow,
 To hoard up to my self such deal of woe.
 My Sheep quite spent thro' Travel and ill Fare,
 And, like their Keeper, ragged grow and bare ;
 Here, on cold Earth to make my Nightly Bed,
 And on a bending Willow rest my Head.
 Tis hard to bear the pinching Cold with Pain,
 And hard is Want to the unpractis'd Swain :
 But neither Want, nor pinching Cold is hard,
 To blasting Storms of Calumny compar'd :
 Unkind as Hail it falls, whose pelting Show'rs
 Destroy the tender Herb and budding Flow'rs.

T H E N O T.

T H E N O T.
Slander, we Shepherds count the greatest Wrong ;
For, what wounds forer than an evil Tongue?

C O L I N E T.
Untoward Lads, who Pleasance take in Spite,
Make mock of all the Ditties I endite.
In vain, O *Colinet*, thy Pipe, so shrill.

Charms ev'ry Vale, and gladdens ev'ry Hill :
In vain thou seek'st the Coy'rings of the Grove,
In the cool Shades to sing the Heats of Love :
No Passion, but rank Envy, canst thou move.
Sing what thou wilt, ill Nature will prevail ;
And ev'ry Elf has Skill enough to rail.

But yet, tho' poor and artless is my Vein,
Menalcas seems to like my simple Strain ;
And long as he is pleas'd to hear my Song,
That to *Menalcas* does of right belong ;
Nor Night, nor Day, shall my rude Musick cease ;
I ask no more, so I *Menalcas* please.

T H E N O T.
Menalcas, Lord of all the Neighb'ring Plains,
Preserves the Sheep, and o'er the Shepherds reigns.
For him our Yearly Wakes and Feasts we hold,
And chuse the fattest Firstling from the Fold.
He, good to all, that good deserve shall give
Thy Flock to feed, and thee at Ease to live ;
Shall curb the Malice of unbridled Tongues,
And with due Praise reward thy Rural Songs.

C O L I N E T.
First then shall lightsome Birds forget to fly,
The Briny Ocean turn to Pastures dry,
And ev'ry rapid River cease to flow,
E'er I, unmindful of *Menalcas* grow.

T H E N O T.
This Night thy Cares with me forget ; and fold
Thy Flock with mine, to ward th' injurious Cold.
Sweet Milk and clouted Cream, soft Cheefe and Curd
With some remaining Fruit of last Year's Hoard,

Shall

Shall be our Ev'ning Fare : And for the Night;
 Sweet Herbs and Moss, that gentle Sleep invite.
 And now behold the Sun's departing Ray
 O'er yonder Hill, the sign of Ebbing Day.
 With Songs the jovial Hinds return from Plow;
 And unyok'd Heifers, pacing homeward, low.

The Third Pastoral.

A L B I N O.

WHEN *Virgil* thought no Shame the *Dorick* Reed
 To tune, and Flocks on *Mantuan* Plains to feed,
 With young *Augustus* Name he grac'd his Song;
 And *Spencer*, when amidst the Rural Throng
 He carol'd sweet, and graz'd along the Flood
 Of gentle *Thames*, made ev'ry sounding Wood
 With good *Eliza's* Name to ring around ;
Eliza's Name on ev'ry Tree was found.
 Since then, thro' *Anna's* Cares at Ease we live,
 And see our Cattle in full Pastures thrive ;
 Like them will I my slender Musick raise,
 And teach the Vocal Vallies *Anna's* Praise.
 Mean time on Oaten Pipe a lowly Lay,
 While my Kids brouze, obscure, in Shades I play :
 Yet not obscure, while *Dorset* thinks not scorn
 To visit Woods, and Swains ignobly born.

Two Country Swains, both Musical, both Young,
 In Friendship's Mutual Bonds united long,
 Retir'd within a Mossy Cave, to shun
 The Croud of Shepherds, and the Noon-day Sun,
 A Melancholy Thought possess'd their Mind :
 Revolving now the solemn Day they find,
 When young *Albino* dy'd. His Image dear
 Bedews their Cheek with many a trickling Tear ;
 To Tears they add the Tribute of their Verse ;
 These *Angelæ*, those *Palin* did rehearse.

A N G E L O T.

Thus Yearly circling by past Times return
 And Yearly thus *Albino's* Fate we mourn:
Albino's Fate was early, short his stay;
 How sweet the Rose! How speedy the Decay!

Can we forget how ev'ry Creature moan'd,
 And sympathizing Rocks in Echo groan'd,
 Presaging future Woe, when, for Our Crimes,
 We lost *Albino*, Pledge of peaceful Times?
 The Pride of *Britain*, and the Darling Joy
 Of all the Plains and ev'ry Shepherd Boy.
 No joyous Pipe was heard, no flocks were seen,
 Nor Shepherds found upon the grassy Green;
 No Cattle graz'd the Field, nor drunk the Flood,
 No Birds were heard to warble thro' the Wood.

In yonder gloomy Grove stretch'd out he lay,
 His beauteous Limbs upon the dampy Clay,
 The Roses on his pallid Cheeks decay'd,
 And o'er his Lips a livid Hue display'd:
 Bleating around him lye his pensive Sheep,
 And mourning Shepherds come in Crouds to weep;
 The pious Mother comes, with Grief oppress'd;
 Ye, conscious Trees and Fountains, can attest
 with what sad Accents and what moving Cries
 She fill'd the Grove, and importun'd the Skies,
 And ev'ry Star upbraided with his Death,
 When in her Widow'd Arms, devoid of Breath,
 She clasp'd her Son. Nor did the Nymph for this
 Place in her Dearling's Welfare all her Bliss,
 And teach him Young the *Sylvan* Crook to wield,
 And rule the Peaceful Empire of the Field.

As Milk-white Swans on Silver Streams do show,
 And Silver Streams to grace the Meadows flow;
 As Corn the Vales, and Trees the Hills adorn,
 So thou to thine an Ornament was born.
 Since thou, delicious Youth, didst quite the Plains,
 Th' ungrateful Ground we till with fruitless Pains;
 In labour'd Furrows sow the Choice of Wheat,
 And over empty Sheaves in Harvest sweat:

A thin Increase our woolly Substance yield,
And Thorns and Thistles overspread the Field.

How all our Hopes are fled, like Morning Dew!
And we but in our Thoughts thy Manhood view.
Who now shall teach the pointed Spear to throw,
To whirl the Sling, and bend the stubborn Bow?
Nor dost thou live to bless thy Mother's Days,
And share the Sacred Honours of her Praise:
In foreign Fields to purchase endless Fame,
And add new Glories to the *British* Name.

O peaceful may thy gentle Spirit rest!
And flow'ry Turf lie Light upon thy Breast;
Nor shrieking Owl, nor Bat fly round thy Tomb,
Nor Midnight Faries there to revel come.

P A L I N.

No more, mistaken *Angelot*, complain;
Albino lives, and all our Tears are vain.
And now the Royal Nymph, who bore him, deigns
To bless the Fields, and rule the simple Swains,
While from above propitious he looks down.
For this the Golden Skies no longer frown,
The Planets shine indulgent on our Isle,
And Rural Pleasure round about us smile.
Hills, Dales and Woods with shrilling Pipes resound;
The Boys and Virgins dance with Garlands crown'd,
And hail *Albino* blest: The Vallies ring
Albino blest: O now! if ever, bring
The Laurel green, the smelling Eglantine,
And tender Branches from the mantling Vine,
The dewy Cowslip, that in Meadow grows,
The Fountain Violet and Garden Rose:
Your Hamlets strew, and ev'ry publick Way,
And consecrate to Mirth *Albino's* Day.
My self will lavish all my little Store,
And deal about the Goblet, flowing o'er:
Old *Moulin* there shall harp, young *Mico* sing,
And *Cuddy* dance the Round amidst the Ring,
And *Hobbinol* his Antick Gambols play.
To thee these Honours Yearly will we pay, When

When we our shearing Feast and Harvest keep,
 To speed the Plow, and bless our thriving Sheep.
 While Mallow Kids and Endive Lambs pursue;
 While Bees love Thyme, and Locusts sip the Dew;
 While Birds delight in Woods their Notes to strain,
 Thy Name and sweet Memorial shall remain.

The Fourth Pastoral

M I C O.

A R G O L.

M I C O.

THIS Place may seem for Shepherds Leisure made;
 So lovingly these Elms unite their Shade.
 Th' ambitious Woodbine, how it climbs, to breath
 Its balmy Sweets around on all beneath!
 The Ground with Grass of chearful Green bespread,
 Thro' which the springing Flow'r up rears its Head.
 Lo here the King-Cup, of a Golden Hue,
 Medly'd with Daisies white, and Endive blue,
 Hark how the gaudy Gold-finch, and the Thrush,
 With tuneful Warblings fill that Bramble-Bush!
 In pleasing Consorts all the Birds combine,
 And tempt us in the various Song to join.
 Up, *Argol*, then; and to thy Lip apply
 Thy mellow, Pipe or Vocal Musick try:
 And, since our Ewes have graz'd, no harm if they
 Lie round and listen, while their Lambkins play.

A R G O L.

The Place indeed gives Pleasance to the Eye;
 And Pleasance works the Singer's Fancy high:
 The Fields breath sweet; and now the gentle Breez'
 Moves ev'ry Leaf and trembles thro' the Trees.
 So sweet a Scene ill Suits my ruggid Lay
 And better fits the Musick thou canst play.

M I C O.

No Skill of Musick can I, simple Swain,
 No fine Device thine Ear to entertain;

Albeit

'Albeit some deal I pipe, rude tho' it be,
 Sufficient to divert my Sheep and me,
 Yet *Colinet* (and *Colinet* has Skill)
 My Fingers guided on the tuneful Quill,
 And try'd to teach me on what Sounds to dwell,
 And where to sink a Note, and where to swell.

A R G O L.

Ah *Mico* ! half my Flock would I bestow,
 Would *Colinet* to me his Cunning show.
 So trim his Sonnets are, I prithee Swain,
 Now give us once a Sample of his Strain :
 For, wonders of that Lad the Shepherds say,
 How sweet his Pipe, how ravishing his Lay :
 The Sweetness of his Pipe and Lay rehearse,
 And ask what Gift thou pleasest for thy Verse.

M I C O.

Since then thou list, a Mournful Song I chuse ;
 A mournful Song becomes a Mournful Muse.
 Fast by a River, on a Bank he sat,
 To weep a lovely Maid's untimely Fate,
 Fair *Stella* hight : A lovely Maid was she,
 Whose Fate he wept ; a faithful Shepherd he.
 Awake my Pipe, in ev'ry Note express
 Fair *Stella's* Death and *Colinet's* Distress.
 O woful Day ! O Day of Woe ! quoth he ;
 And woful I, who live the Day to see !
 That ever she could die ! O most unkind,
 To go, and leave thy *Colinet* behind !
 And yet, why blame I her ? full fain would she,
 With dying Arms, have clasp'd her self to Me :
 I clasp'd her too ; but Death was all too strong,
 Nor Vows, nor Tears, could fleeting Life prolong.
 Teach me to grieve, with bleating Moan, my Sheep ;
 Teach me, thou ever-flowing Stream, to weep ;
 Teach me, ye faint, ye hollow Winds to sigh ;
 And let my Sorrows teach me how to die :
 Nor Flock, nor Stream, nor Winds, can e'er relieve
 A Wretch like me, for ever born to grieve.

Awake

Awake my Pipe ; in ev'ry Note express
Fair *Stella's* Death, and *Colinet's* Distress.

Ye brighter Maids, faint Emblems of my Fair,
With Looks cast down, and with dishevel'd Hair,
In bitter Anguish beat your Breasts, and moan
Her Hour untimely, as it were your own.

Alas! the fading Glories of your Eyes

In vain we doat upon, in vain you prize:

For tho' your Beauty rule the silly Swain,

And in his Heart like little Queens you reign ;

Yet Death will ev'n that ruling Beauty kill,

As ruthless Winds the tender Blossoms spill,

If either Musick's Voice, or Beauty's Charm,

Could make him mild, and stay his lifted Arm ;

My Pipe her Face, her Face my Pipe should save,

Redeeming thus each other from the Grave.

Ah fruitless Wish ! Cold Death's up-lifted Arm

No Musick can persuade nor Beauty charm :

For see (O baleful Sight !) see where he lies !

The Budding Flow'r, unkindly blasted, dies.

Awake my Pipe ; in ev'ry Note express

Fair *Stella's* Death, and *Colinet's* Distress.

Unhappy *Colinet* ! What boots thee now

To weave fresh Garlands for the Damsel's Brow ?

Throw by the Lilly, Daffadil and Rose ;

One of black Yew, and Willow pale, compose,

With baneful Henbane, deadly Night-shade drest ;

A Garland, that may witness thy Unrest,

My Pipe, whose soothing Sound could Passion move,

And first taught *Stella's* Virgin Heart to love,

Unton'd, shall hang upon this blasted Oak,

Whence Owls their Dirges sing, and Ravens croak :

Nor Lark, nor Linnet, shall by Day delight,

Nor Nightingale divert my Moan by Night ;

The Night and Day shall undistinguish'd be

Alike to *Stella*, and alike to me.

Thus

Thus sweetly did the gentle Shepherd sing,
And heavy Woe within soft Numbers bring,
And now that Sheep-Hook for my Song I crave.

A R G O L.

Not this, but one much fairer shalt thou have,
Of season'd Elm ; where Studs of Brass appear,
To speak the Giver's Name, the Month and Year ;
The Hook of polish'd Steel, the Handle turn'd,
And richly by the Graver's Skill adorn'd.

O, *Coliner*, how sweet thy Grief to hear !
How does thy Verse subdue the list'ning Ear !
Not half so sweet are Midnight Winds, that move
In drowsie Murmurs o'er the waving Grove ;
Nor dropping Waters, that in Grots distil,
And with a tickling Sound their Caverns fill :
So sing the Swans, that in soft Numbers waste
Their dying Breath, and warble to the last :
And next to thee shall *Mico* bear the Bell,
That can repeat thy peerless Verse so well.

But see ; the Hills increasing Shadows cast :
The Sun, I wean, is leaving us in haste :
His weakly Rays but glimmer thro' the Wood,
And blueish Mists arise from yonder Flood.

M I C O.

Then send our Curs to gather up the Sheep :
Good Shepherds with their Flock betimes should sleep :
For, he that late lies down, as late will rise,
And, Slugged-like, till Noon day snoring lies,
While in their Folds his injur'd Ewes complain,
And after dewy Pastures bleat in vain.

The

The Fifth Pastoral.

C U D D Y.

IN Rural Strains we first our Musick try,
And, bashful, into Woods and Thickets fly,
Distrustful of our Skill. Yet, if thro' Time
Our Voice improving gain a Pitch Sublime,
Thy growing Virtues, *Sackvil*, shall engage
My riper Verse, and my more settled Age.

The Sun now mounted to the Noon of Day,
Began to shoot direct his burning Ray,
When, with the Flocks, their Feeders sought the Shade
A Venerable Oak, wide-spreading, made
What should they do to pass the loit'ring Time ?
As Fancy led, each form'd his Tale in Rhyme :
And some the Joys, and some the Pains of Love,
And some to set out strange Adventures strove ;
The Trade of Wizzards some and *Merlin's* Skill,
And whence to charm such Empire o'er the Will.
Then *Cuddy* last (who *Cuddy* can excel,
In neat Device ?) his Tale began to tell.

When Shepherds flourish'd in *Eliza's* Reign,
There liv'd in great Esteem a jolly Swain,
Young *Colin Clout* ; who well could pipe and sing,
And by his Notes invite the lagging Spring.

He, as his Custom was, at leisure laid
In silent Shade, without a Rival play'd.
Drawn by the Magick of th' inticing Sound,
What Crowds of mute Admirers flock'd around !
The Steerlings left their Food ; and Creatures wild
By Nature form'd, insensibly grew mild.
He makes the Birds in Troops about him throng,
And loads th' neighb'ring Branches with his Song.

Among the rest, a Nightingale of Fame,
 Jealous, and fond of Praise, to listen came.
 She turn'd her Ear ; and Emulous, with Pride,
 Like Eccho, to the Shepherd's Pipe reply'd.
 The Shepherd heard with Wonder ; and again,
 To try her more, renew'd his various Strain.
 To all his various Strain she shapes her Throat,
 And adds peculiar Grace to ev'ry Note.
 If *Colin* in complaining Accents grieves,
 Or brisker Motion to his Measure gives ;
 If gentle Sounds he modulates, or strong,
 She, not a little vain, repeats his Song :
 But so repeats, that *Colin* half despis'd
 His Pipe and Skill so much by others priz'd,
 And, sweetest Songster of the Winged Kind,
 What Thanks said he, what Praises can I find
 To equal thy melodious Voice ? In thee
 The Rudeness of my Rural Fife I see ;
 From thee I learn to vaunt no more my Skill.

Aloft in Air she sate, provoking still
 The vanquish'd Swain : Provok'd at last, he strove
 To shew the little Minstrel of the Grove
 His utmost Art : if so some small Esteem
 He might obtain, and Credit lost, redeem.
 He draws in Breath, his rising Breast to fill ;
 Thro' all the Wood his Pipe is heard to shrill.
 From Note to Note in haste his Fingers fly ;
 Still more and more his Numbers multiply ;
 And now they trill, and now they fall and rise,
 And swift and slow they change, with sweet Surprise

Attentive she does scarce the Sounds retain,
 But to her self first cons the puzzling Strain ;
 And tracing careful Note by Note, repays
 The Shepherd, in his own harmonious Lays ;
 Thro' ev'ry changing Cadence runs at length,
 And adds in Sweetness, what she wants in Strength.
 Then *Colin* threw his Fife disgrac'd aside ;
 While she loud Triumph sings, proclaiming wide

Her mighty Conquest. What could *Colin* more ?

A little Harp of Maple Ware, he bore :

The Harp it self was Old, but Newly strung,

Which usual he a-cross his Shoulders hung.

Now take delightful Bird, my last Farewel,

He said ; and learn from hence, thou dost excel .

No trivial Artist, And at that he wound

The murm'ring Strings, and order'd ev'ry Sound.

Then earnest to his Instrument he bends.

And both his Hands upon the Strings extends,

The Strings obey his Touch, and various move.

The low'r answ'ring still to those above,

His restless Fingers traverse to and fro,

And in Pursuit of Harmony they go ;

Now, lightly skimming, o'er the Strings they pass,

Like Winds, that gently brush the plying Grass,

And melting Airs arise at their Command :

And now laborious, with a weighty Hand

He sinks into the Gords with solemn Pace,

And gives the swelling Tones a Manly Grace :

Then, intricate he blends agreeing Sounds.

While Musick thro' the trembling Harp abounds,

The double Sounds the Nightingale perplex,

And pos'd, she does her troubled Spirit vex.

She warbles diffident, 'twixt Hope and Fear,

And hits imperfect Accents, here and there.

Then *Colin* play'd again, and playing Sung.

She, with the fatal Love of Glory stung,

Hears all in Pain : her Heart begins to swell ;

In piteous Notes she sighs, in Notes that tell

Her bitter Anguish. He, still singing, plies

His limber Joints : Her Sorrows higher rise.

How shall she bear a Conqu'ror, who before

No equal, thro' the Grove, in Musick bore ?

She droops, and hangs her flagging Wings, and moans,

And fetches from her Breast melodious Groans.

Oppress'd with Grief at last, too great to quell

Down Breathless on the guilty Harp she fell.

Then *Colin* loud lamented o'er the Dead,
 And unavailing Tears profusely shed,
 And broke his wicked Strings, and curs'd his Skill;
 And, best to make Attonement for the ill,
 (if for such Ill Attonement might be made)
 He builds her Tomb beneath a Laurel Shade:
 Then adds a Verse, and sets with Flow'rs the Ground
 And makes a fence of winding Oslers round:
 A Verse and Tomb is all I now can give,
 And here thy Name at least, he said, shall live.
 Thus ended *Cuddy* with the setting Sun,
 And by his Tale unenvy'd Praises won.

The Sixth Pastoral.

GERON. HOBBINOL. LANQUET.

G E R O N.

HOW still the Sea; behold; how calm the Sky
 And how, in sportive Chase, the Swallows fly
 My Goats, secure from harm, no Tendance need,
 While high on yonder hanging Rock they feed:
 And here below, the Banky Shore along,
 Your Heifers graze: And to hear your Song
 Dispos'd. As eldest, *Hobbinol*, begin;
 And *Laquet*'s Under Song by Turns come in.

H O B B I N O L.

Let others meanly stake upon their Skill,
 Or Kid, or Lamb, or Goat, or what they will;
 For Praise we sing, nor Wager ought beside
 And, whose the Praise, let *Geron*'s Lips decide.

L A N Q U E T.

To *Geron* I my Voice and Skill commend:
 Unbias'd he, to both is equal Friend.

G E R O N

G E R O N.

Begin then, Boys, and vary well your Song;
Nor fear, from *Geron's* upright Sentence Wrong.
A Boxen Haut-Boy, loud, and sweet of Sound,
All varnish'd, and with brazen Ringlets bound,
to the Victor give: No small Reward,
if with our usual Country Pipes compar'd.

H O B B I N O L.

The Snows are melted, and the kindly Rain;
Descends on ev'ry Herb, and ev'ry Grain;
Soft Balmy Breezes breath along the Sky:
The bloomy Season of the Year is nigh.

L A N Q U E T.

The Cuckoo tells aloud her painful Love;
The Turtle's Voice is heard in ev'ry Grove;
The Pastures change, the warbling Linnets sing:
Prepare to welcome in the gaudy Spring.

H O B B I N O L.

When Locusts in the Fearnj Bushes cry,
When Ravens pant, and Snakes in Caverns lie;
Then graze in Woods, and quite the burning Plain;
Else shall ye press the spongy Teat in vain.

L A N Q U E T.

When Greens to Yellow vary, and you see,
The Ground bestrew'd with Fruits off ev'ry Tree,
And stormy Winds are heard; think Winter near,
Nor trust too far to the declining Year.

H O B B I N O L.

Full fain, O blest *Eliza*! would I Praise
Thy Maiden Rule, and *Albion's* Golden Days.
Then gentle *Sidney* liv'd, the Shepherds Friend:
Eternal Blessings on his Shade attend!

L A N Q U E T.

Thrice happy Shepherds now! for *Dorset* loves
The Country Muse, and our delightful Groves;
While *Anna* reigns, O ever may She reign!
And bring on Earth a Golden Age again.

H O B

H O B B I N O L.

I love in secret all a beauteous Maid
 And have my Love in secret all repaid.
 This coming Night she does reserve for me,
 Divine her Name ; and thou the Victor be.

L A N Q U E T.

Mild as the Lamb, and harmless as the Dove,
 True as the Turtle, is the Maid I love.
 How we in secret love, I shall not say,
 Divine her Name ; and I give up the Day.

H O B B I N O L.

Soft, on a Cowslip bank, my Love and I,
 Together lay : a Brook ran murm'ring by.
 A Thousand tender Things to me she said,
 And I a Thousand tender Things repaid.

L A N Q U E T.

In Summer Shade, beneath the Cocking Hay,
 What soft, endearing Words did she not say ?
 Her Lap, with Apron deck'd, she kindly spread,
 And stroak'd my Cheeks, and lull'd my leaning Head.

H O B B I N O L.

Breath soft, ye Winds ; ye Waters gently flow ;
 Shield her, ye Trees ; ye Flowers around her grow
 Ye Swains, I beg you, pass in Silence by ;
 My Love in yonder Vale asleep does lye.

L A N Q U E T.

Once *Delia* slept, on easy Moss reclin'd ;
 Her lovely Limbs half bare, and rude the Wind :
 I smooth'd her Coats, and stole a silent Kiss.
 Condemn me, Shepherds, if I did amiss.

H O B B I N O L.

As *Marian* bath'd, by chance I passed by ;
 She blush'd and at me cast a sidelong Eye ;
 Then swift beneath the Crystal Wave she try'd
 Her beauteous Form, but all in vain, to hide.

L A N

L A N Q U E T.

As I to cool me, bath'd one sultry Day,
 And *Lydia* lurking in the Sedges lay.
 The Wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly;
 Yet often stopp'd and often turn'd her Eye.

H O B B I N O L.

When first I saw, would I had never seen,
 Young *Lyset* lead the Dance on yonder Green;
 Content upon her Beauties as she mov'd,
 Poor, heedless Wretch, at unawares I lov'd.

L A N Q U E T.

When *Lucy* decks with Flow'rs her swelling Breast,
 And on her Elbow leans, dissembling Rest:
 Unable to refrain my madding Mind,
 For Sheep nor Pasture worth my Care I find.

H O B B I N O ' L.

Come *Rosalind*, O come! For without thee,
 What Pleasure can the Country have for me?
 Come *Rosalind*, O come! My brinded Kine,
 My snowy Sheep, My Farm and all is thine.

L A N Q U E T.

Come *Rosalind*, O come! Here shady Bowers,
 Here are cool Fountains, and here springing Flowers.
 Come *Rosalind*: Here ever let us stay,
 And sweetly waste our live-long Time away.

H O B B I N O L.

In vain the Seasons of the Moon I know,
 The Force of Healing Herbs, and where they grow;
 There is no Herb, no Season, may remove
 From my Fond Heart the racking Pains of Love.

L A N Q U E T.

What profits me, that I in Charms have Skill,
 And Ghosts and Goblins order as I will;
 I have, with all my Charms, no Power to lay
 The Sprite, that breaks my Quiet Night and Day.

H O B B I N O L.

O that like *Colin* I had Skill in Rhymes :
 To purchase Credit with succeeding times !
 Sweet *Colin Clout* ! who never yet had Peer,
 Who sung thro' all the Seasons of the Year.

L A N Q U E T.

Let me like *Wrenock* sing : his Voice had Pow'r
 To free the clipping Moon at Midnight Hour :
 And, as he sung, the Fairies, with their Queen,
 In Mantles Blue came tripping o'er the Green.

G E R O N.

Here end your pleasing Strife. Both Victors are ;
 And Both with *Colin* may in Rhyme compare.
 A Boxen Haut Boy, loud, and sweet of Sound,
 All varnish'd, and with brazen Ringlets bound,
 To Both I give. A mizling Mist descends
 Adown that steepy Rock : And this way tends
 You distant Rain, Shore ward the Vessels strive ;
 And, see, the Boys their Flocks to Shelter drive :



F I N I S

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